Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw me in, ſuch vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord,
Glo. She may, L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.
Q. Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I reme
hou ſleweſt my husband *H*
.nd *Edward* my poore ſonne a
Glo. Ere you were Queene
I was a pack-horſe in his grea
A weeder out of his proud adu
A liberall rewarder of his frie
To royallize his blood I ſpilt n
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much be
Glo. In all which time, you
Were factious for the houſe of
And *Riuers*, ſo were you. Was
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint
Let me put in your mind, if yo
What you haue beene ere now,
Withall, what I haue beene, and
Qu. Mar. A murtherous vi
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did fo
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (w
Qu. Mar. Which God reueng
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* pa
And for his meede (poore Lor
I would to God my heart were
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittyfull li
I am too childiſh fooliſh for th
Qu Mar. Hie thee to hell fo
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy k
Ri My Lord of *Gloceſter* in th
Which here you vrge to proue
We follow then our Lord, our
So ſhould we now if you ſhoul
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had ra
Farre be it from my heart the t
Qu Mar As little ioy (my L
You ſhould enioy, were you t
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe i
That I enioy, being the Queen
A little ioy enioyes the Q uee
For I am ſhe, and altogether io